DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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THE FUND

"Parcel Post!" A joyful knock on Betty Taylor's door followed the gay announcement. "I saw the package in the hall and brought it right up, Betty. Open the door."

Betty flung down her pencil and reluctantly obeyed.

"There, see what I've brought you." Marguerite Chapin, one of the numerous art students who roomed in the boarding house, put a neatly wrapped package into Betty's hands.

"Thanks, Marguerite," Betty said.

"But aren't you going to open it? Why if it were mine, I couldn't breathe till I had seen what was in it."

"I don't believe I shall open it just yet," Betty replied stiffly.

"Well, I shall be gone in a minute." There was a tone of resentment in Marguerite's voice. "What are you working at?" She stepped over to Betty's drawing board. "You're going to try for the poster prize!" she cried.

The red came into Betty's cheeks as Marguerite ran on:

"I never thought you'd bother to try for the prize. You'll win it, of course, if you want to—everyone knows how clever you are. Well, good-by. Open your parcel in peace, deary."

And Marguerite slammed the door rather spitefully behind her.

Betty stood looking at the package. Suddenly she flung it across the room and, going to the drawing board, picked up her pencil; but her hand trembled so that she could not draw, and the package gleamed reproachfully in the dark corner.

"How could I!" Betty cried remorsefully. She ran to the package, took it up tenderly and tucked it under the couch cover. "I don't want it staring at me," she thought.

Then she sat down again before her drawing board.

"'You'll win it, of course, if you *want* to!" she muttered. "It isn't a matter of choice; I've *got* to win that prize! The one hundred and fifty dollars will just make up what I took from The Fund—no, what I stole from The Fund."

As Betty worked at her poster, her thoughts were not pleasant. The Fund was gone—the fund that her mother had saved penny by penny for Betty's art lessons. Of course it was in fact Betty's money—her mother had given it to her, but Betty knew her mother had never expected her to spend it for silly clothes and ice-cream sodas and parties.

The Fund had covered board and tuition, and left about fifty cents a week for spending money—a sum that both Betty and her mother had thought ample. But soon after Betty had come to the city she changed her mind. She found that her clothes were impossible; in order to be anyone at all you had to have at least one decent suit with hat and other things to match; and you had to stand your share of the treats. Moreover, she was popular, and she felt that she had to keep up her position, as she put it. She could not ask her mother for more money.

She had not really intended to take so much from The Fund—just five dollars first, and Aunt Elizabeth always had given her five dollars on her birthday, so that she could make that up all right—and then eight dollars, and then—and then—

Betty buried her face in her hands on her drawing board. She seemed to see her mother, small and worn and delicate, bending over a washtub, straining under the weight of a basket of wet clothes. She seemed to see her joyously adding a few pennies to The Fund which had for years been of such importance in the family that they always thought of it in the largest and blackest of capital letters.

"You see, Betty," she seemed to hear her mother say, "if I hired a washerwoman The Fund wouldn't grow nearly so fast."

"Oh, how could I?" Betty cried. "Mother, how could I ever have done it?"

She lifted her head and looked at the place where the package was hidden. "I deserve to be hurt," she declared fiercely, "I deserve to be hurt to the very heart! I'll open the package even if it half kills me."

She rose and drew it from under the couch cover. A few months before she would not have dreamed that a package from home could hurt her so that the carefully formed address could bring tears to her eyes and the pieced-out string make her throat throb painfully.

There was a note on top, wrapped round a paper doll.

Darling Bet. Here is Rosebud Redington come to visit you so you won't be too homesick for

Yours, Fay.

P. S. Send her back when you get through being homesick, because she's my best favorite.

Betty forced herself to look at Rosebud Redington for a long minute. It was not that Rosebud's smudgy features had passed from her remembrance, for Rosebud had once been Betty's "best favorite," too, but Betty was determined to hurt herself as much as she possibly could.

Next came a box of fudge and a bag of nut meats labeled with Marion's characteristic bluntness, "S'pose you're too busy to pick out nut meats. Hope you'll do as much for me when I go forth to seek my fortune." Underneath was tissue-wrapped parcel containing a green-and-white shirt waist trimmed with lace insertion. If the lawn had been plain white, and the lace not so cheap-looking and the stitches not so small and carefully set, Betty felt that she could have stood it better. As it was, the green-and-white shirt waist with its tag, "Love from mother," was almost more than she could endure.

"Oh, I've got to win that prize!" she cried, springing to her feet. "I've got to!"

She ran to the drawing board and caught up her pencil Her face was white and set, her breath came hard. Resolutely controlling the trembling of her hand, she began to draw. She worked for some time. Then she rose to view what she had done. Her dogged determination to win the prize showed in every line of the drawing, which looked stiff and wooden.

"I—I'm trapped!" Betty whispered, with a look of fear in her eyes. "I'm trapped by my own longing to win the prize."

Gay voices sounded in the corridor outside her door. "Betty!" some one called. "We're going to the park. Come along."

"I can't. I'm busy," Betty replied.

"Busy! You don't mean you're *working*, Betty!"

Betty winced.

"She is, though," came Marguerite Chapin's light voice. "She locked herself in her room and is trying for the prize."

There was a chorus of exclamations.

"Anne Pierson is going to try, too, Betty!" Marguerite shouted challengingly through the keyhole. "You'd better watch out."

"Yes, I'm going to try. I really need the money," came Anne's drawling voice.

"Well, good-bye, then, Betty. Sorry you won't go with us"

The girls trooped down the hall, laughing and chatting.

So Anne Pierson was going to try for the prize. "I may as well give up," Betty declared gloomily, thinking of Anne's reputation for careful, painstaking workmanship. "I don't deserve the prize, anyway, and Anne does. She works harder than all the rest of us put together, and I—I've just dabbed at things, I've just been *clever*. But I must win that prize! What does Anne know about needing money?"

Betty thought of Anne's broadcast borrowing, of her joy when her generous allowance arrived, of the parties and gifts with which she showered her friends until the money was gone and she was forced to borrow again.

Betty sighed and looked again at her drawing. "It's a miserable thing!" she muttered, and suddenly snatching up her coat and hat rnn out.

As she walked swiftly along the street, she said to herself doggedly, "I must think of another idea for that poster, begin all over again. Let me see—something to be used by a charitable society as an appeal to the public."

Suddenly she paused. There before her was her subject. It was merely a thin, poorly-dressed little girl carrying a heavy baby, but, oh, the expression of her face, the anxious, unchildlike lines of her forehead, the weary droop of her eyelids, the brave, direct smile!

Betty glowed with the joy of discovery; her fingers tingled to get at her pencil; the glorious certainty of her power to draw this little girl, and draw her well, swept over her. For a little while she followed the child, studying her eagerly. Then she ran back to the boarding house. Tearing her first design from the drawing board, she tacked on a fresh piece of paper and went to work.

The girls returned from the park, and she was still working. Supper time came and went. At nine o'clock she put down her pencil and sat looking at the poster. It was good; she knew it. The child's eyes looked into hers, appealing, confiding and pathetically brave. Betty's heart went out to her.

"Poor little mite!" she murmured. "How I love her! But there's something about that hand and arm," she scowled perplexedly, "something not quite right."

Carefully she changed the lines. "That's better, but—Oh, I wish I had worked harder! Then I could do you justice, child. But the spirit's there; I know it is!"

The next few days passed like a dream to Betty; a dream in which she was continually striving with all her strength to reach some longed-for goal.

"I must win the prize," she kept saying to herself. "I must win the prize."

The words become a plea, a charm, a prayer.

The day came on which the prize was to be awarded. The big studio was open to the public, and the posters were on exhibition. Betty's and Anne's hung side by side. Betty hovered on the outskirts of the throng of visitors; her heart beat wildly with anxiety and excitement, her hands were icy cold. "I must win the prize!"—she said to herself, half praying. "I won't be able to stay at the school unless I do win the prize. And I want to do wonderful things in the world. And this is my only chance, my only chance!"

"Now, those two posters," she suddenly heard a man say beside her, "the one of the child with the baby and the other of the old cripple; they're easily the best in the room."

"The one of the cripple is the better of the two," the man's companion declared.

"I don't know, now. I'll admit the cripple shows better workmanship, but it hasn't the appeal, the fine spirit, of the child."

"Yes, but the drawing in the child is all out. The thing is clever, almost too clever; it hasn't the soundness or the knowledge that the other has."

Betty pressed her hands over her ears. She did not have to be told all that: how well she knew that she should have studied more, worked harder!

When she took her hands from her ears, it was to hear a speech that one of the instructors was making. He was very sorry, but the judging of the posters would have to be put off indefinitely, perhaps until after the Easter vacation. The most important judge, who was also the donor of the prize, had been taken suddenly ill and would not be able to be present that afternoon.

Betty stood motionless. So she was not to know her fate before she went home for Easter. Oh, how could she go home and face them all, knowing that she had spent the money from the Fund, and that she could not return to the school!

The Easter vacation came all too soon. Nothing happened to prevent the inevitable march of time, no miracle replaced the money Betty had taken from The Fund. She had given up all hope of winning the prize. Although no public announcement had been made, it was generally understood that that the the judging of the posters had taken place and that Anne Pierson's work had been chosen. The girls had even given Anne a party in celebration, and Betty, with aching heart, had congratulated her and laughed and joked with the rest.

On the morning on which she was to start for home Betty stood looking at two suits spread out on her bed. Should she wear her suit that she had bought in the city, and so have to tell her mother at once about the depleted fund, or should she wear the suit that she had brought from home, and not say anything about The Fund until the vacation was over? If she wore the old suit, the girls would wonder and look at her curiously; and she had enough to bear without that she thought rebelliously.

"Betty, hurry, or we'll be sure to miss the train!" cried Marguerite Chapin, running into Betty's room. Five of the girls were travelling on the same train with Betty. "Do hurry!" She stared at the suits spread out on the bed.

The color swept into Betty's cheeks. With a sudden gesture of defiance, she caught up the old suit and began to put it on.

"I don't care what they think! I'll wear the old suit," she thought. "And—and I'll tell mother right away."

The journey home seemed pitilessly short to Betty. Curiously enough, she did not mind the girls' astonished glances at her old suit. She was thinking that perhaps she should never go back to the school. She was thinking of all her glorious dreams with which she had entered the school, and which had come to nothing through her own foolish pride.

Fay and Marion met her at the station. After the first greeting Betty scarcely noticed them. Her face was tense and white as she walked up the street.

Fay was disappointed and aggrieved. "What makes you act so funny, Betty?" she asked.

"She's been away to an art school," Marion explained.

Betty hurried along the faster. She ran up the path to the shabby little house and flung open the door.

"Mother!" she called. "Mother!"

"Betty!" Her mother came running toward her. "Why, what is the matter, child?"

"O mother, I took one hundred and fifty dollars from The Fund and spent it for—for ice-cream sodas and silly clothes and—and nonsense! I *stole* the money that you saved penny by penny, that you worked your fingers to the bone to save! And I—I can't go back to the art school; there isn't enough left."

"Why, Betty!" Mrs. Taylor,s hand paused for a moment as she smoothed Betty's hair.

"Why, Betty"! she repeated. And then after a second she said, "Come and eat your supper, dear. You're trembling like a leaf."

Betty never knew how she lived through the next few days. Everyone was very kind to her. If only they had not been so kind, she thought, she could have stood it better. She plunged fiercely into the housework No work was distasteful or hard enough to suit her. She scrubbed and swept and baked and washed and ironed.

"I thought you hired a washerwoman, mother, now that The—The Fund is finished," she said one morning, as she stood at the washtub.

Mrs. Taylor began to hum beneath her breath and rattled the pans vigorously in the sink.

Betty understood at once the ruse to spare her feelings.

"You haven't answered me, mother," she said quietly.

"I have started a fund for Marion," Mrs Taylor replied reluctantly. "And when there is enough in that, I'll start one for Fay."

Betty jerked viciously at a sudsy sheet. "I know one thing. I am going straight to work in Waters' store," she announced.

A flicker of pain passed across Mrs. Taylor's face.

"I have hurt her as much as I have hurt myself" Betty thought miserably. "I have hurt her more, perhaps, more than I have hurt myself."

She stood transixed by the painful certainty of it. She had not meant to hurt her mother; she had thought the consequences of her misdeed were all hers to bear.

"I shouldn't be in a hurry about the store, dear," Mrs. Taylor said gently. "We'll think about it."

The next day she came to Betty and handed her a roll of bills.

"There, Betty, now you can go back to school," she said quietly.

"Mother!" cried Betty, springing to her feet. "Where did you get that money?"

"I—I raised it."

Betty had never before seen her mother look so small and child-like. A yearning, protective love swept over her.

"Mother, did you—did you sell great-grandfather's portrait?"

"Yes. Betty, I did," answered Mrs. Taylor. "You know I always intended to sell it if I needed the money," she added defensively.

"Did you sell it to that Judge Bartley who spoke about it once?"

"Yes. He has always wanted it very much."

"I am going to buy it back. You shall not sacrifice your one treasure for me."

"But if your schooling is more precious to me than the portrait, Betty?" Mrs. Taylor ventured.

Betty paused in startled understanding. Suddenly she caught her mother in her arms.

"O mother," she cried, "I didn't dream taking that money would hurt you so! I would not have hurt you for worlds! I thought it was only myself!"

"I know, dear, I know."

"And it will kill me to go back to school with the money from your one treasure, mother," Betty exclaimed; "but if you say so, I—I,ll do it, muv!"

"I do want you to, dear, very much. And you know the portrait isn't my only treasure. There is a certain treasure of mine, oh, a very, very dear treasure named Betty Sidonie Taylor, and I expect great things of her."

"O Betty!" Marion came running into the room. "Here's a letter from the art school!"

With scarcely a glance, Betty flung the letter on the table.

"Open it, Bet," Marion urged. "What's the good of a letter if you don't open it?"

Betty took up the letter impatiently.

"It is nothing but an announcement!" she exclaimed.

It was an announcement; it said so at once.

"This is to announce," Betty read aloud, "that your poster has"—she caught her breath—"has won the second prize in the contest. It was not intended to give a second prize, but the donor found your poster so appealing that, though she agrees with the other judges in choosing Miss Pierson's work for the prize, she desires to make a second award and wishes to use your drawing in her charitable work. Inclosed you will find a check for one hundred dollars."

The check fluttered to the floor. Betty stared at it in a daze.

"Mother!" she cried suddenly. "Now I can go back to school with my own money! I'll find a cheaper place to board, I'll do mending for the girls, I'll paint place cards, I'll trim hats and I'll scrub floors, to make that hundred dollars cover every penny of my expenses! Oh, I don't deserve this!" She looked at her mother speechlessly for a moment. "I'm going right over to Judge Bartley's and buy back great-grandfather's portrait!"

She started toward the door. "And, oh, mother!" She turned back. "With the first money I earn after I leave school I'm going to start a washerwoman fund—a fund that shall furnish every week, for a certain very dear treasure of mine named Mrs. James F. Taylor, a nice big, strong washerwoman!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Ephphatha Mission for the Deaf

St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral Parish House, 523 S. Olive St., Los Angeles.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, *Missionary-in charge.*
Mrs. Alice M. Andrews, *Parish Visitor.*

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Evening Prayer and Sermon, every Sunday, 3:00 P.M.
Holy Communion and Sermon, last Sunday in each month, 3:00 P.M.
Social Center every Wednesday at 8 P.M.
ALL THE DEAF CORDIALLY INVITED.

CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF MUTES.

NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y., every Sunday, 9 A.M. and 3 P.M.

BOSTON.

The Boston column has had a week's vacation. The fact is, news is scarce at this time, people are all going from place to place in order to make the most of the remaining days of (some) summer, and some have flown off to conventions, and those who are left either cannot be found at home when called on, or they have no news worthwhile.

Ye scribe has just come back from the Home in Everett, where she is a frequent visitor. A good time is always to be had there, and many find it hard to drag themselves away in order to get home. Miss McKay, one of the inmates, is as fine a lady as anyone could wish for. She is deaf and partly blind, and, notwithstanding her affliction, is a bright and cheery person to converse with, for she has a remarkable memory and has everything at the tip of her tongue, or rather her fingers. She is also a great politican, and there is hardly any subject she does not know about, therefore you can see why the Home is so popular with the deaf.

There were nine visitors at the Home on August 20th, including Mr. W. Marston and Mr. W. White, of Nashua, N H. Mr. White officiates every third Sunday of the month. He is a fine speaker and the inmates all enjoy his services.

Mrs. Patten has taken wing again, this time for Connecticut. She may be gone a month or two.

Mrs. Dixion has also spread her wings for Auburn, Mass., to attend a wedding. She will keep house for dad until the bridal party returns. She expects to be at home again in October.

Mrs Crockett, the matron of the Home, is enjoying a restful vacation in Maine. She is expected to be back at her duties on September 1st, while Mrs. Fuller, the assistant matron, will entrain for Illinois, where she will spend the month of September. Miss Lafferty, Mrs. Emerson, Mrs. Howe, Mrs. Chase and Miss McKay, in the meantime, hold the fort.

Mrs. Catherine Chase is a great worker for the Red Cross. During the war she knit twenty-five pairs of socks. Since the war ended she haf knit countless pairs of stockings for the little kiddies of Belgium and France. Any one would think she had the welfare of all the kiddies throughout the country on her mind, for her hands are never idle.

Mrs. Patten's farm was a success this summer. The corn was as sweet as the wild honey of P lestine that Jonathan appeased his hunger with, and many there are who enjoyed the fruit of her labor.

Mrs Ira H. Derby, of South Weymouth, Mass., is enjoying a visit to Eastford, Ct.—her childhood home.

Mrs. Eugene Wood has returned from the West and her hair is so wooly that she cannot get the kink out of it.

Miss Sarah Scarborogh has come back to the Hub after a two weeks' vacation in New Hampshire. Sarah is wearing a dark brown coat of tan and she says she feels well-rested. While lying on the grass in New Hampshire, a little garter snake took a friendly stroll toward her. Sarah, however, did not make use of it—she preferred elastic.

Miss Louise Weston and family were made very happy last week by the return from France of her brother Ernest. Mr. Weston is a lieutenant in the army and has been overseas since 1915.

Several of the members of the Oseteeco Club of the Old Colony Trust Co., of which Gertrude Smith is a member, took a moonlight sail down the harbor on the 21st. A jazz band was in attendance and all had a good time dancing or flirting with with the moon. The party returned at 11:30, vowing that they had had a grand and glorious time and would certainly go again, weather permitting.

Nothing makes a deaf person so disgusted as to read editorials stating, "There is no group of handicapped people more pitiable than the deaf."

Pitiable, indeed! Surely, the person who wrote that cannot know the deaf very well, or he would know by now that the deaf do not want pity, and that, on the average, there are many more hearing people deserving of pity than there are deaf people, for, with all their senses, the hearing do not, as the deaf do, try to make full use of what they have. The deaf are often willing and more eager to learn and often go far out of their way to do so. The trouble is that because they were once condemned it is thought they should always be so. There are many peaple who have held their own well above many of the hearing people (who have had just as good an education), because in the beginning they gave their superiors to understand that, though they might be deaf, they are not ignorant, and, if given a chance, they can do as well, and sometimes better, than the hearing. By the way some people talk, you'd think we had to beg. I wonder, though, if those people ever stop to consider how many hearing beggars they meet on the street compared to a real deaf beggar. G. S.

SUNKEN TREASURE SHIPS.

One of the most interesting wrecks on record is that of the British frigate Lutine, which was sunk off the coast of Holland in 1799. It was customary in those days to carry much gold and silver on war vessels, and this particular ship was known to have 1,900 gold bars and 500 bars of siver, with a total value of over $6,000,000. It was driven aground in a storm and sank in comparatively shallow water. Great Britian at that time was at war with France, and Holland, an ally of France, claimed the frigate as a prize of war. The water was so shallow that at low tide it was possible for a fisherman to reach it with scoop and grapples and recover some of its treasures. A salvage company organized by the Dutch people to recover the wealth of the Lutine succeeded in getting not more than $500,00 worth of gold and silver. The position of the wreck, however, was decidedly unfavorable. It was in an exposed spot and the bottom was swept by strong tidal currents. Gradually it became buried in sand, and all salvage operations had to cease.

There are other rich treasures in the sea. In Cumana Bay, Venezuela, lies the wreck of the Spanish flagship San Pedro, with $2,000,000 worth of gold on board, which so far has defied all attempts to salvage The richest treasure of all is probably a Spanish galleon, sunk off Lizard Point on the Cornish coast in 1784, which is believed to have aboard $5,000,000 worth of gold.

But we need not go so far a field for valuable wrecks. Our own lakes are filled with them. In fact, Lake Huron is known locally as the "Lake of Sunken Treasure." It is estimated that some $12,000,000 worth of gold and silver is buried it the deeps of the Great Lakes.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, *Pastor*, 3525 N. 19th St.

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Morning Prayer—Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.
Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the third, 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.
Clere Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.
Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.
Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.

Religious Notice

Baptist Evangelist to the Deaf. Will answer all calls.
J. W. MICHAELS,
Fort Smith, Ark.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 4, 1919.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, *Editor.*

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 163d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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Station M, New York.

He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE Hartford *Times* publishes a half-tone of the partly demolished school building of the American School for the Deaf, and also announces that only 175 pupils can be accommodated during the next school term, which will deprive at least twenty-five of the educational advantages that should be theirs. Last year's school enrollment was two hundred.

The proposed new school buildings have not yet been begun on the site acquired a couple of years ago.

The school during the coming term will be conducted in the building at 65 Garden Street, which was not included in the property transfer to the Hartford Fire Insurance Company. The old Burbank house, at 714 Asylum Avenue, will also be utilized.

It is said that the teaching force will be the same as last year, with the exception of two teachers who resigned and will not be replaced.

A LETTER from Manila, Philippine Islands, discloses the fact that three typhoons—four days and nights of pouring rain—have caused an overflow of water in the vicinity of the School for the Deaf to the depth of from two to seven feet. The school, however, is in the advance line of good work. The attendance is quite close to one hundred. There are five Americans and three Filipinos for classroom work, and matron and housekeeper, both Americans.

We do not know if any of the schools send their publications to the Manila School for the Deaf, but would suggest that the "little paper family" take note of the fact that American newspapers will be more than welcome. They should be addressed to Mrs. C. M. Rice, School for the Deaf, Manila, P. I.

ON account of the Labor Day holiday, much news of interest failed to get a place in this issue, but will appear next week. A report of the convention in Nebraska will be given, also, we expect to have considerable about the Convention of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf. Both of these conventions were more than merely successful—they were steps in the forward movement of the organized deaf.

IT is reported that Prof. Guilford D. Euritt, for a great many years teacher of the Senior Oral Class at the Virginia Institution at Staunton, has been removed from his position at that school, but has been secured as a teacher at the State School for the Deaf at Trenton, N. J.

WISE parents will send their children to school promptly. Educated ability is life's greatest asset. It gives assurance of success, ueefulness and happiness.

CHICAGO.

This coming Labor Day will see the last of a series of seven picnics for the summer—that of the Chicago Chapter of the Illinois Association of the Deaf. This is an annual feature for the benefit of the proposed Home for the deaf, and predictions are that a record breaking crowd will be at Polonia Grove, the scene of the big event. The home fund has now over twenty thousand dollars. There seems to be no fixed date when the trustees will purchase a site or lease a building.

The seven pic ics that will become history for the summer of 1919 were give by the following organizations, in their order, during July, August and September: Silent Athletic Club, Pas-a-Pas Club, Chicago Council K. of D., Lutheran Deaf-Mute Club, Chicago Division N. F. S. D., Ephpheta Sodality Association, and Chicago Chapter I. A. D.

The competition to gather the greatest number of patrons was keen among the organizations, and the honors went to the Pas-a-Pas Club over the five others; the attendance and receipts at the home fund picnic is yet to be ascertained. The Pas-a-Pas Club was patronized by not less than 485 persons, not counting children, and the mischievous kids who smuggled themselves over the high fence. Now the Pas-a-Pas Club can show a surplus bank account this year, more than ample to take care of its present headquarters in the Unity Buildi g until May, 1920.

Mrs. Ernest Craig and children have returned from a two months' vacation at Delavan, Wis. Her prompt return to Chicago was due to her work as chairman of refreshment committee of the home fund picnic.

F. P. Gibson, whose health has been somewhat impaired, has gone up to Old Mission, Mich., for a brief vacation on the Stutsman farm.

Dr. Clyde Jones, of East St. Louis, Ill., dropped in Chicago for a few days on business in connection with the health department. Dr. Jones says he is doing well in his home city, having charge of his own laboratory.

Prof. Albert Berg, who came to Chicago last June to solicit insurance from the deaf for the New England Mutual Life Insurance Co., left for LaPorte, Ind., in company with Harry Whitmore. After a brief stay in that city, Mr. Berg will retnin to Indianapolis to prepare resuming duties as teacher at the Indianapolis School.

The Illinois School, at Jacksonville, re opens Monday, September 15th.

Mrs. Lilly Boss is spending a three-week's vacation in Delavan, Wis., where Mr. Boss has steady work as a carpenter. While Chicago is in the throes of a carpenters' strike, Mr. Boss is making money right along.

The aged father of Miss Beatrice Bemis passed away last week. During his illness Miss Bemis made frequent trips to Wisconsin in order to be at his bedside.

Mrs. J. A. Waterman and daughter, Helen, are now at Marcellus, Mich., where they are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Maher. A short distance from the Maher farm is located the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rink. There are a number of deaf-mutes living in Cass County. Mr. and Mrs. Voisine, who live in Vicksburg, make frequent trips there in their Dodge car. The deaf of the western part of Michigan are holding a picnic at Grand Rapids and Kalamazoo, Labor Day.

As an added attraction, as well as a means of deriving revenue to meet its expenses, the S. A. C. is holding a whist party every Friday evening.

The Chicago Chapter, I. A. D., taking advantage of the generous invitation of the Pas-a-Pas Club, has held two business meetings in the club's rooms last week. The important transactions were devoted to collecting donations and assigning work to the various committees for the Labor Day picnic.

Mrs. Bertha Baumann, aged mother of Mrs. James F. Meagher, fell from her porch recently and met instant death. She had been leaning against the frail railing which gave way. Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Meagher are living in Gary, Ind.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Frank are spending a couple of weeks with Mrs. Frank's mother in Kankakee, Ill.

Prof. John MacFarlane, editor of the *Messenger*, published during the school year at Alabama, was in Chicago part of the summer. During his stay in Chicago he worked for Rand & McNally, printers. He gave the Goodrich Tire Co., at Akron, O., a trial, but found it too heavy for him.

Prof. and Mrs. Peter Hughes passed through Chicago enroute to Indiana from St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Hughes has a dandy touring car and will save a great deal on railroad fares.

Edward Toomey has transferred his room and headquarters of the Knights of De l'Epee to 1414 West 73d street, and for acting as supreme secretary he draws a salary of $125 a year.

Mrs. Walter Whitson and infant son have gone to Kansas to be with her folks.

Chas. Cherry, a student at Gallaudet College, is clerking in the office of the N. F. S. D. for the summer.

With everybody getting the vacation fever and ignoring the reporter's quest for news, accounts a great deal for omissions in Chicago letters this month. Your reporter has been out of town a great deal this summer and trusts that JOURNAL readers will tolerate these unavoidable oversights If everyone will cooperate and hand me news item I shall be very glad to make elbow room in these columns.

Fall is here Schools are reopening and this is an opportune time to send in news items.

J.A.W.

CONVENTION NOTES.

ORGANIZED CO OPERATION, THE KEY TO ATTAINMENT.

C. C. Duncan, writing for the *Dearborn Independent* say:

"The Cave Man dwelt in the hills, and the Tree Dweller in the valleys. The Cave Man and the Tree Dweller wished to do many things. They sought to kill the Saber-Toothed Tigger. They craved to float on the mysterious Water. They longed to follow the Birds through the Air. They desired to be warm against the Winter.

"And in time these ancestors of ours, or we their descendants, found out all they wished to know.

"They learned to float on the mysterious Water. They found that when they dropped into the Stream a light Log, or a light Raft, or a light Coracle, it would float and must float. They discovered also in our modern age, that when they fitted planes and engines in a certain pattern, these aeroplanes would fly and must fly. And to be warm against the Winter they have found out new ways in every age, by which fire and heat would come, and must come.

"Seeking for comfort, for advancement, men of the Stone Age and men of the Electrical Age have found the laws of creation. These laws have only to be found and obeyed, and man learns to swim farther and deeper than the fish, to fly beyond the eagles, to outrun and overpower all creatures of mere physical excellence.

"Thus also he destroyed the Saber-Toothed Tiger. For we know from mute records and prehistoric carvings that he fought the insatiable Beast. Now for ages the Saber-Tooth has been harmless, and Man is here.

"The Cave Man or the Tree Dweller learned how to match this mighty prowler. He learned it as he learned to float on a log.

"The Primitive Man was a lone and loveless thing. He felt for his Neighbor in the Wood all the apprehension that a glib politician can express toward the League of Nations. He felt in his tough heart, and reasoned with the clicking and guttural eloquence of his ape-like speech, that co-operation was impracticable, or speculative, or contrary to his dignity as a Senator. But there came a day when the Saber-Toothed Tiger, ravening and logical, attacked both the Tree Dweller and the Cave Man at once—and the two who would have been killed singly united to destroy their enemy.

"THEY survived, to lie warm under the skin of that beast, or to carve a crude likeness of the dead ferocity on the tooth of a mammoth. They lived and were discoverers. They found that two men are stronger than one, that two families are stronger than one, that two cities are mighty. Between two united men there was peace, between two families there was concord, between two united cities there was co-operation. Man grew, and all the toothed and clawed beasts of the cavern and wilderness fled before his clubs and arrows, when the Law of Co-operation went into effect."

Thus we see that primitive man recognized the value of co-operation in attaining his desires.

In order to co-operate, they had first to organize their separate strength into an united effort, which resulted in accomplishing their mutual aims.

So it has been throughout the ages, each generation picking up the benefits derived from the discoveries of their predecessors, and through the same law of human co-operation, and organized effort, have compelled mankind to advance steadily forward and upward, until we are inevitably approaching World federation.

All great achievements in world history has been attained through organization and co-operation.

Germany spent forty years organizing the most stupendous machinery of war the world ever saw, and sought with the co-operation of Austria-Hungaria and Turkey, to place the whole universe under its military heel, but thanks to the same laws of *organization* and co-operation, the Allied Governments were able to checkmate her, and through *greater numbers* laid her diabolical scheme in the dust of defeat.

Thus we learn a new point in art of attainment—where organization and co-operation are equally efficient on both sides, we find that the side with the *greater number* is the winner.

The achievements of an organization are governed by its strength in finance and numbers, and all great organizations are not of "mushroom growth," but are the result of a tenacious, laborious and co-operative effort.

It took over fifty years of organized co-operation and a world war to bring prohibition to the pinnacle of success.

Organized labor has been struggling in the foothills of adversity for a much longer time, but now even the United States Congress is sitting up and taking notice of it, with its millions of organized members clamoring for their rights to a just livelihood.

Womankind have been striving for years for their right to the ballot, and have at last come into the path of victory, through organization and co-operation.

As *all* organized effort makes for the betterment of mankind, it is *very imperative* that the deaf people of the United States *organize* and *co-operate* with the National Association of the Deaf, which is organized for the express welfare of *all* the deaf.

Unjust laws crop up now and then, that are detrimental to the happiness and general welfare of the deaf, and at such a time it is well to have a strong organization back of you, when you send a representative to see what can be done to modify the laws in your favor.

Not long ago, the Michigan Legislature passed an automobile law, prohibiting defectives from operating motor vehicles, and the Detroit Police Department saw fit to construe the law adversely for the deaf auto drivers of this city, and refused to even give them a chance to demonstrate their ability to run a car, in spite of that saving clause in the law itself.

The Detroit Branch, N. A. D., and the D. A. D. boys requested me to go to Lansing and see what could be done toward making an appeal above the decision of the Detroit authorities.

So I took the train the next day, and Mr. Ralph Beaver, one of our boys, followed in his car, ready to make a demonstration, if we were given the chance.

While on the train, I wrote the following plea, and the next morning presented it to the Secretary of State, and I saw to it that it was read through to the end, but we were informed that, as the law was not yet operative, we would have to wait till August 14th and then appeal each case separately. The letter follows:—

Detroit, Mich., July 31, 1919.

Whereas the Detroit Police Department has seen fit, through the assistants of Inspector Jackson, to interpret the new automobile law in an adverse way for the deaf auto drivers of Michigan, and, whereas, such interpretation is considered by us to be unjust and discriminating, robbing us of our rights as American citizens to enjoy a "legal pursuit of happiness, as long as we do not interfere with the rights of others."

The Detroit Association of the Deaf and the Detroit Branch of the National Association of the Deaf have appointed me as their representative to appeal to your Honor, the Secretary of State, for our *equality* under the *law*. The law, itself, plainly states that in case the applicant has a defect which *might* interfere with his or her operation of a motor vehicle, that the examiner may require a *demonstration*, to show that, regardless of such defect, he or she is still competent to handle a motor vehicle, which try-out we were virtually denied.

Such ruling will entail financial losses amounting to hundreds of dollars, individually, and thousands of dollars, collectively, throughout the State, by compelling deaf owners to sell their cars at prices far below the original cost.

We are not asking for permits for *incompetent* or reckless drivers; we simply ask for an *equal chance* under the classification of *competent* drivers of motor vehicles.

We claim that the deaf drivers are, by far, the most *careful* drivers, as they are not confused by traffic noises, and, having their lives at stake, they are more keenly alert with with their eyes than people of normal faculties are with both their eyes and ears, and are therefore more careful when rounding corners or crossing streets than those who have good hearing.

The only reason the Detroit police offer for refusing us is that we might not hear the fire department trucks when they are out. But, as we have quite a number of our members who have been driving for the past four or five years without a mishap of any kind, and as there have been countless of fires in Detroit in the same period without their getting tangled up with any of our boys, I cannot see where their argument holds water.

The deaf drivers are in many instances automobile workers, employed at the Ford Motor Co., which make of car most of them drive, and live a long distances from their place of employment, thus making their cars a NECESSITY to them in getting to and from their work, as well as a pleasure craft in country junkets, away from the heat and smoke of the city on their week ends. Also, being Ford mechanics, they understand the repairing of their own cars, and can handle them better than some of the so-called chauffeurs can handle theirs.

As a *rule*, the deaf have "Safety First" grafted into their whole make-up through their affliction, as is evidenced by the record they hold in freedom from accidents in the great Ford factory, where men with their full faculties have lost their fingers, hands, legs, arms, and in some instances been *killed* outright.

And another proof of their watchfulness is evidenced in the fact that, while people with their normal faculties have been killed right in front of our club house on one of the most dangerous corners of the city, our members have crossed and re-crossed the same corner by the hundred without a single misshap. I have personally ridden with deaf drivers, who have driven through all sorts of tangles in the traffic with perfect ease and safety, taking the Belle Island drive, and coming back through the tangle at Jefferson and Grand Boulevard with as much ease as any man that ever put his hand on a steering wheel. We have heard that three of the boys were passed in the smaller municipalities Highland Park, Royal Oak and Dearborn, but Detroit police refuse to even give us a fighting chance.

Our chief plea for our rights of *equality under the law* is that many of us are property owners and taxpayers of the State of Michigan, and express our willingness to stand or fall on our ability to handle a car, in spite of our defect, as well as those of normal faculties.

Hoping that your Honor will grant our prayer for a *square deal*, and assuring you that we will obey the very *letter* of the law, I wish to remain, dear sir,

Very sincerely yours,
ROBERT V. JONES,
Secretary,
Detroit Association of the Deaf.
Vice-President,
Detroit Branch, National Association of the Deaf.

On returning, I showed the letter to the Ford lawyers, telling them, I thought they ought to protect their customers as far as possible.

They sent a copy of my letter to the Attorney General, endorsing my appeal, and since then several of the boys have been passed by the officers, who turned them down before, and already have their licenses, and are once more enjoying their country junkets.

So much for the power of the title "National Association of the Deaf." But are we strong enough to meet all emergencies? We need *all* the deaf, and *all* the deaf needs the N. A. D.

Join and *stick*, if you are not already a member. The N. A. D. is going to be a potent influence in the future welfare of the deaf, and I hope to see the day when it will reach the proportions of the *International* Association of the Deaf.

Have *you* joined? If not, *why* not? *Organize* and *co-operate*.

ROBERT V. JONES,
Sec'y Local Committee.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President	*Secretary*	*Treasurer*
H. Cloud, Mo.	A. L. Roberts, Washington, D. C.	J. H. McFarlane Ala.

Vice-Presidents,
J. W. Howson, Cal. — Cloa G. Lamson, Ohio

EXECUTIVE BOARD:
Jay C. Howard, Minn. — Olof Hanson, Wash.

[OFFICIAL.]

ENDOWMENT FUND.

QUARTERLY REPORT.

Receipts since the last report, April 24th:

April semi-annual int. on Fourth Liberty Bond		$10 10
Ruth Mandleson, Albany, N. Y. Life Membership		25 00
G. Fred Ash, East Tawas, Mich. Contribution		5 00
Columbus, O., Branch, through Cloa Lamson:		
Cash	11 51	
Three war saving stamps, present valne	12 49	24 00
July semi-annual int. on deposits		13 34
Total receipts		$77 44

The Endowment Fund is invested as follows:

Cash on deposit, Aug. 25, 1916	$768 47
Third Liberty Loan Bonds	2,000 00
Fourth " " "	500 00
Three War Savings Stamps, pres. value	12 49
Total	$3,280 96

WILLIS HUBBARD, *Treasurer*,
515 W. Third St., Flint, Mich.

August 25, 1919.

TO ONE DEAF AND BLIND.

One to whom earth is utter dark and still
As if the ocean held you in its heart—
One, who if sight and hearing sudden came
Would see and hear your loved ones as if they
Were vivid pain to eye and knife to ear—
You cannot know the awe I have for you!
When you, with your uncertain step, are led
Amid the things of beauty and delight.
You cannot hear a bird nor look upon
The loveliness of flower, or sky or wave:
Ah. child, I weep for you! You seem forlorn.
I strain mine eyes and ears as if to fill
My soul with all this beauty ere some fate
Wrest it from me and leave me as you are.

And yet you are not sad, though you have learned
Of all the beauty you can ne'er behold,
You read upon your Braille of moon and sun,
Of great Niagara, temples, gems of art—
And you have read that eyes may teem with love
And lovers' faces gladden all who see.
Have you not longed on some bright morn to wake
And see those whom you love and hear them speak
In tenderness?—Ah, have I wounded you
In speaking thus of that which ne'er may come?

No; you can feel no grief for things unknown,
I see and hear, and yet beyond my scope
Lies all the world unseen and still to me.
You need but think and you at once may stand
Before the Pyramids, or feel yourself
Upon exalted heights, my dreams of which
Are marred by sights and sounds I cannot shun.
How great must be your world! How wonderful!
There is no distance, yet enormous space,
Must be your stage, and Time's dramatic hand
Spread for you scenes of wonder and delight
Which I know not except in dreams of sleep!
You cannot see the light, yet all your form
Feels each caressing ray, each faintest breeze,
And perfumes to your tender nostrils bring
A thousand beauties I may never know
Because my vision circumscribes my dreams.

And you can feel the sounds to me most dear,
Today I saw you stand with hand upon
The lips of her whose song has touched my soul;
I grieved that you were blind to her pure form
And deaf to her rare music which gives voice
To all the yearning human heart can hold.
Yet you did feel; I saw upon your face
A light of rapture as if you could see
Some radiant beauty from across the grave
Mine eye, mine ear alone, this ainger praised.
But your whole being, as a thousand ears
And eyes received each precious note and throb;
An angel's face you felt so near to you,
While I must see alone life's yearning forms
And sigh for bliss that even now is yours.
Ah, you are blessed in your great, beauteous world
Where God and you create alone all forms!
You must feel sorrow for the unseen throngs
About you that can only see and hear.

GEORGE KEPPEL THOMAS.

(Written for Helen Keller.)

What's in a Name?

GREENE STREET

Greene street, which extends from Canal street north to East Eighth street, bears the name of Gen. Nathaniel Greene, one of the leading commanders of the Continental army.

Greene was a native of Rhode Island, being born in Patowomut in 1742. He was brought up very simply by his father, who was a Quaker preacher, but acquired an education by his own efforts. It was a very great shock to Greene's Quaker friends when he became one of the first to take up arms against the mother country.

In 1775 he was appointed a Brigadier-General and was assigned to the command of the Rhode Island troops at Boston. The next year he won a promotion to the rank of Major-General and was in command of the American forces at the battle of Long Island. In the battle of Harlem Heights, where Greene was for the first time under fire, he acquitted himself with great skill and honor.

In the New Jersey campaign of 1776–77 Greene gave further evidence of his skill and devotion to the cause of the colonies. It was not until he succeeded Gen. Gates as commander of the army of the South in 1780, that he rendered the particular service to the American cause that has immortalized his name. Gates had just been defeated by Cornwallis, the army to which Greene came as commander was in a wretched state and the Southern States were all but lost to the American cause.

Greene conducted a brilliant campaign, in which he did not win a battle, but in which the British forces were weakened and driven from the Carolinas and Georgia. The superior strategy of Greene won the advantage against superior numbers and equipment. Congress presented him with a medal in honor of his services and the States made grants of land to him.

At the close of the war Gen. Greene retired to Rhode Island, where he died in 1786. By his premature death the country was robbed of a man who would have exhibited the same virtues in peace as in war, and who would have risen to a high place among statesmen.—*Evening Sun.*

Lying too much in bed is almost as much as lying too much out of it.

Milk is often but another name for a white lie.

SHAKESPEARE

By Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

Shakespeare, "the foremost man of all this world" in intellectual breadth, depth and brilliancy, was born the 23d of April, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, of a Norman father and a Saxon mother. The best blood in the world ran in his veins, combining the vivacity and polish of the South with the sturdiness and common sense of the North.

At fifteen, in consequence of his father's failure in business, young Shakespeare was taken from the Stratford grammar school and put to work. At twenty, after marrying a woman six years his senior, he got into a scrape with a gentleman named Lucy (probably shot one of his deer) and decamped for London, where he made a precarious living by working around the theatres, holding horses, running errands and taking inferior parts on the stage.

From that he became a full fledged actor and play-wright, trying his wings mostly in the field of revision. Six years later his plays were applauded by the noble and the gifted. From playwriter he became manager, director and part owner in the Globe Theatre. His Saxon blood made him thrifty and practical, and the money that poured in upon him was invested in land in and about Stratford. He bought the finest home in his native town, to which, with his "blushing honors thick about him," he finally retired, and wherein he died April 23d, 1616, at the age of fifty-two.

That is about the sum of the recorded facts concerning the outward career of the man who had the "greatest head in the universe. Like Plato, he drew up the ladder after him, and we search in vain for his house and street life." All that we know of him could be written with a big stub pen and a free hand on an ordinary postal card, with room left for a postal script on some other subject.

Shakespeare's life story is mingled forever with his life-work—the immortal plays—performances which will probably ever remain the grandest work of the mind of man. In these wonderful plays he "exhausts all human experience; searches the heart; lays bare its strength and weakness; divines its secret impulses; depicts all manners and conditions, high and low, such as the world will always find; shines like the sun on the evil and the good; runs without effort the round of human ideas; records his convictions on the questions that knock at the gate of every brain, on life, love, trial, death, immortality, freedom, fate."

His characters—representing humanity from the beggar in the street to the king on his throne—are all distinct. He "held the mirror up to nature," and showed things just as they were. His work bears no local stamp, but is for all places and for all time. His audience-chamber is the globe. His touches "make the whole world kin."

As the great mountain lifts itself above the surrounding plains and table lands, so towers this miracle of a Shakespeare above the average humanity—the beacon light of the ages, the instructor and inspirer of the elect of the earth for all time, the intellect king of the planet.

IMPOSTOR

Thomas Carey, who was arrested for panhandling, vagrancy, and intoxication, was allowed to go when arraigned in City Court on Monday, but not until after he had received a reprimand from Judge Baker. Carey claimed to have lost his power of speech, but this was miraculously (?) recovered after he became entangled in the toils of the law. He was arrested by Officer Messenger of the Central New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes.—*Rome Sentinel, August 26th.*

[Officer Messenger is a deaf-mute, and has been a member of the Rome Police force for seven years.]

Tablecloth Made of Four Handkerchiefs.

The daintiest of little tablecloths can be made from four hemstitched fancy handkerchiefs, four and a half yards of insertion—or more according to the size of the handkerchiefs—and about six yards of lace. The cost is regulated, naturally, according to the price of the materials selected. Take two strips of insertion, two inches wide, each cut into lengths of about three-fourths of a yard. Cross them and sew the insertion in the centre. Into each angle lay a handkerchief and sew the insertion into the hems. This has the effect of joining the handkerchiefs with insertion between each. Then sew insertion all around and gather the lace on to that. You will be very much surprised to see what a lovely size it has turned out. Dresser scarf can be made of three or four handkerchiefs.

If fame came only after death no man would kill himself striving for it.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter, or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Between nine hundred and one thousand deaf-mutes attended the Frat Picnic at Dexter Park, Brooklyn, on Saturday afternoon and evening, August 30th.

It looked bad for a good attendance when the day dawned, for the rain was coming down in bucketfuls and continued until nearly noon. Even then, it seemed but a short respite, and hundreds of would-be attendants stayed away. With a clear, sunny day there would doubless have been one thousand five hundred present.

The rain came down again at a little after five in the afternoon and cut short the ball game between the Married and Single men.

One of the several excellent features of Dexter Park is a splendid baseball diamond, with covered grand stand and open bleachers that will accommodate over two thousand. About five hundred saw the game, which ended in fifth inning when the shower began. But all were under cover in the grand stand and escape a wetting.

The score ended 5 to 2, in favor of the Married men, which is a hint to the bachelors that the best way to improve their ability is to get married and live a happy life at the firesides of their own abodes.

The shower was of short duration, in half an hour the ground was sufficiently dry to begin the games.

The Judges were Messrs. Arthur Lincoln Thomas, Thomas Francis Fox and Edwin Allan Hodgson. Frank Nimmo acted as Starter, and Messrs. Jacob Friedman and Nathan Miller managed the games and kept the records.

The first was a potato race for young ladies. There were three trial heats, the finals being contested by the winners of the trials. Miss Anna Hoffman won the first prize.

About thirty ladies tried their prowess at throwing the baseball. Miss Ada Ernst was the winner.

The fifty-yards run for ladies was won by Rachel Rosenberg, Mrs. Thomas Cosgrove being second by an inch over Anna Klaus.

In the 100-yard dash for men, Christopher Bradley was first, L. Bing second, and P. Coggiano third.

The mile run was contested by Bing, Bradley and Coggiano. It was won by Bing, with Coggiano finishing strong, a good second. Bradley dropped out in the sixth lap.

A fifty-yard handicap race between little tots was won by Edwin Gall, with Henry Schurman second.

The final event was a tug-of-war between teams representing the Alphabet A. C., the Oakland A. C., and the Athletic Branch of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League. The Alphabets were the winners.

Amusements at the Park included a merry-go-round, swings and bowling alleys, all of which were well patronized.

Dancing in the big pavilion, to orchestral music, was kept up all evening, and the whole afternoon until near midnight was a festival of merriment and social recreation.

All of the officers and picnic officials wore distinctive badges, and every member, besides his Frat button, wore a member's badge.

The picnic was a huge success, both socially and financially, and we congratulate the Committee in Charge, Messrs. John Bohlman, Adolph Berg, Wm. Sheridan, Harry Leibsohn and Benjamin Silvermond.

The Greater New York Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf has on its roll two hundred members

Its officers for the current year are: Max M. Lubin, President; Fred C. Berger, Vice President; Millard B. Greene, Secretary; Allen Hitchcock, Treasurer; Michael Auerbach, Director; Abraham Eisenberg, Sergeant-at-Arms; Erich M. Berg, Harry J. Powell and James F. Constantin, Jr., Trustees.

Philip Eichelser, has worked with his father, who is a foreman of Weber Piano Co., at New York and Worcester, Mass., for twenty-eight years. Philip's father has retired and moved to New York with his three sons, who are his main support. Philip's father worked for the piano-makers for forty-two years. He is now seventy-two years old. Mr. Eichlser, Sr., asked Mr. A. C. Carlson, Superintendent of the Weber Piano Co., at Worcester, Mass., to give Philip a steady and lifetime job, which he agreed to do

Mrs. Minnie Rosenbaum has been stopping at Edgemere, L. I., near Far Rockaway, with her sister, Mrs. Lewald, all summer. She rented a cozy bungalow right near the beach. Mrs. Rosenbaum enjoys very much the fine breeze near the ocean. She goes to New York occasionally for shopping. She is much tanned from the sun. She expects to go home the middle of September.

The engagement of Miss Mary R. Muir to Mr. William L. Garrison is announced. Miss Muir is a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School, a member of the V. B. G. A. A., an accomplished amateur actress and an intelligent young lady. Mr. Garrison was educated at Fanwood, is a star at base ball and basket ball, and an energetic and industrious young man.

Thomas D. Gilmartin, the third son of M. C. Gilmartin, of this city, whose wife is now with her sister, Mrs. Patrick Norton, in Buffalo, N. Y., died painlessly on the 28th of August, and was buried in the Calvary Cemetery on Saturday noon. His last illness was Pulmonary Tuberculosis, and his age 19 years.

Charles Wiemuth enjoyed a motor trip from New York to Phoenicia, N. Y. They had to wait two hours to be ferried across the river to Kingston. While in the Catskills, Charles exercised his wind and legs by climbing Mt. Trempler, which rises 2300 feet above sea level.

Among the visitors at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League on Labor Day were: Mrs. Paul F. Bengsh, of Cleveland, O.; Mr. and Mrs. L. Davis, of Brooklyn, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Irving Simon, of Boston, Mass.

Philip Eichelser is spending a week's vacation, starting Labor Day to see his parents in New York. Philip's father was formerly a foreman at Weber Piano Co, where his son Philip is now employed.

Miss Elsie Sturgis is engaged to Mr. Smith. The bride-to-be was educated at Trenton, N. J., and the happy man was a former Fanwoodite, though he has been a resident of New Jersey for many years.

Miss Lucille Lefi has returned to New York after two months spent in the rural region of Tully, N. Y. She looks the picture of health and has added seven pounds to her avoirdupois.

Benjamin F. de Castro, a former pupil at Fanwood, but now and since his graduation living in Panama, expects to visit New York in September or October.

Manager Meinken is to take Silent Martin to St. Louis, to box with Harry Greb on September 16th. They hope to meet many of the deaf while there.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Tillie Rupp to Mr. George Steinhauser. The wedding will occur in November.

Mrs. Culmer Barnes and children are back in New York after a month's stay in Stony Creek, Ct.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Reiff recently enjoyed the charming scenery at Delaware Water Gap.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Robert McVea on the 14th of August.

Miss Florence H. Jones, of Flint, Mich., is in New York for a short stay.

Benedict's Poultry Farm.

Mr. Frank Bierne and Jas. Gallagher, of Port Jervis, N. Y., with friends of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Witschief, of Madison, N. J., motored to and were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester C. Benedict former Philadelphians, on their farm named "Valley Green," which is pleasantly located in Godeffroy, Orange Co., New York State.

Andrew Carnegie Was an Earnest Supporter of Metric Units.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., August 29, 1919.—The passing of Andrew Carnegie brings to mind the fact that he had been for years an ardent advocate of world standardization in weights and Measures through the adoption of metric units.

Andrew Carnegie was a member of the Metric Committee of the National American Association of Manufacturers, which strongly urged metric standardization. At the time the committee met, he made the following statement:

"The metric system of weights and measures is one of the steps forward that the Anglo-Saxon race is bound to take sooner or later. Our present weights and measures, inherited from Britain, are unworthy an intelligent nation to-day. The advantage America possesses over Britain in the decimal dollar system as compared with their pounds, shillings, and pence, would be fully equalled by the adoption of the metric system of weights and measures."

Carnegie believed that world standardization of weights and measures would aid greatly not only the cause of world trade, but also that of the world peace. On another occasion he said: "The old weights and measures are a discredit to us. We shall inevitably adopt meter-liter-gram, if for no other reason than as an aid to peace; but they would enormously aid our world trade."

SEATTLE.

Why don't some one write the news from Seattle is a question often heard. I notice that some one sent a newspaper clipping giving a partial description of our state convention. Then a week later T. L. M. started in good to give the news, but seems to have been taken with that tired feeling before he got fairly started.

The convention proper opened with a reception at Collins Field House, Wednesday evening, July 2. The Local Committee had general charge and Mrs. Wright was chairman of the refreshment committee, which meant something delicious in that line. There was a goodly attendance, new acquaintances made and old ones renewed.

Thursday convention was opened with invocation by Rev. G. W. Gaertner, followed with an address of welcome by Hon. W. D. Lane, acting mayor (our famous mayor, Ole Hanson, was supposed to be out of town that day, but I met him on the street), J. H. O'Leary of Spokane responded. Other speakers of the day were President Partridge, Prof. L. A. Divine, and A. W. Wright.

Arrangements for the banquet Thursday night were largely in the hands of W. S. Root, he arranged with caterer and also selected the speakers. A. W. Wright was toastmaster and did it up fine. The speakers have been already mentioned in the JOURNAL.

The 4th of July picnic brought out a crowd of something been 200 and 300. A. W. Wright was boss of the day's doings and did well. Most of the events have already been mentioned and do not need repeating. A large photo was taken of the crowd by the official photographer, Lawrence Belser, and his assistants.

Saturday morning election resulted in the choice of J. H. O'Leary, of Spokane, as President. Mr. O'Leary did a lot of hustling for new members and roped in nearly every one, and richly deserved the honor given him. Mrs. Eva Seeley, of Tacoma, was made first vice-president, a good selection. C. K. McConnell, of Seattle, won out for second vice-president; he did some good work, July 4th, in rounding up money for the Home Fund. Erve Chambers, of Spokane, was re-elected Secretary; and Dr. Olof Hanson, of Seattle, chosen Treasurer.

The Resolutions Committee, consisting of W. S. Root, Carl Garrison and C K. McConnell, brought in a report, which was adopted with two changes.

Saturday afternoon a free boat ride was enjoyed on Lake Washington. Boat left Leschi Park at two, and went around through the Government canal to Lake Union. It was desired to go further up, and see the locks, but a stiff breeze prevented this. Said stiff breeze took away two hats of our party.

Saturday evening dance was in charge of the Frats. The Frats held their business meeting at six, and swore in six members, and submitted to a photograph by Belser, then marched upstairs, where dancing began. It was sure some dance. Refreshments for the evening were in charge of Mrs. Olof Hanson and were satisfactory.

Sunday morning the out-of-towners visited parks, etc. In the afternoon over 100 attended church and enjoyed a sermon by Rev. Mr. Gaertner. This closed up a most successful convention.

The Local Committee has received considerable commendation for its management. Very many of the local deaf took hold and did their best to help the Local Committee.

Probabilities are that the next convention will be held at Tacoma, two years from now.

The new President, J. H. O'Leary, is well known in the northwest. He has considerable ability and with wise action he will find the deaf of this state ready to assist.

The Home Fund has passed the $1,000 milestone, and I understand arrangements are being made to push the matter and double this sum in the next two years. With good business judgment and cutting out useless red tape, there should be good progress.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. P. Riley, of Victoria, and Mr. and Mrs. Chase, of Seattle, were the newlyweds at the convention.

Mrs. Cook and Archie McDonald, of Winnipeg, were long distance comers, as was Winnie Lawrence, of Moose Jaw, Sak.

All were glad to see Prof. Thos. Clarke at the banquet, and regret he was unable to be with us longer. The deaf in general are pleased to know that he is again to be at the head of our state school.

Rev. G. Geartner expects to take a vacation trip east in the near future.

A. K. Waugh has bought a home at the north end, midway between the Wright and Ziegler homes. His daughter and husband will reside with them.

Bert Haire has bought some land in the Lake Burien vicinity, and will build thereon soon. It is encouraging to see our deaf thus becoming home owners.

John Skoglund came down from Spokane, and found a stream of gold in the *Post-Intelligencer* office. He was still there at last reports.

Oscar Sanders has come to Seattle, and like all sensible men has fallen in love with the city, and will remain here.

The P. S. A. D. is having some of the largest attended meetings in its history, and some warm debates. W. S. Root is president, and A. W. Wright secretary.

W. B. Brown, who has been in ill health for some time, has gone to San Francisco for some weeks.

Claude Hollinger has gone to Yakima for a while, having secured work there. We understand Mrs. Hollinger will go soon.

A. W. Wright took a trip down to his Tietown farm last week.

True Partridge had a big crop of berries at his rural home this year. We know, for we had some of them.

P. S. A. D. social at the hall this week. Larry Belser and Edgar Winchell are in charge.

Jack Bertram has forsaken the dust of Toledo, Ohio, and resides in Seattle. Mrs. Bertram and the children are with her parents in Oregon, but will soon come to Seattle.

Bella Campbell has returned to her home in Victoria, preferring King George to Uncle Sam.

Report has it that a young Montana lady is now wearing something on a left finger that pleases her immensely. Her Seattle friends extend congratulations.

The P. S. A. D. will picnic at Woodland Park on Labor Day. Roy Harris, C. K. McConnell, Jack Bertram, Blanche Hampton and Mrs. O. Larson are the committee in charge.

OCCBSIONAL.

GREENSBURG, PA.

Mrs. Felix S. Hoganmiller, formerly a citizen of Greensburg, but now residing in the "Glass City," has returned home from one week's visit to relatives and friends at Youngstown, Ohio. She reported enjoying auto trips over the country roads out at that great Steel and Iron City.

James Princler has a good position in Schalter's bakery, Southwest Greensburg. Well, "Jimmie," stick to the trade.

Harry Fox and his sister, have spent a couple of weeks visiting friends at Youngstown, O. From a friend we learn that they had a most delightful time out there.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. V. Long had an enjoyable excursion to Oak Park, West Virginia, over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, last Sunday. They are loud in their praise of the picturesqueness of the parks.

A post card from St. Louis, Mo, has been received here stating that our esteemed friend. Mrs. Lizzie Woodside, of Wilkinsburg, Pa., is enjoying a visit with her son and his family. Mrs. Woodside expects to remain in the "Mound City" until next Spring.

Miss Esther Criswell, one of Akron's belles, has been visiting her married sister in the mining town of Yukon, about ten miles southwest of Greensburg. Ye local therefore could not have the opportunity of forming her acquaintance.

Our jolly friend, Philip T. Gittens, is rejoicing over the fact that a strong baseball team, of Haydenville (in which burg he resides) is still winning straight games from nearly all the amateur clubs in this section of the country. Recently a prominent gentleman informed your scribe that Mr. Gittens is some rooter.

On a fine Sunday morning "Rex" took a street car for Irwin, his former home, to renew old acquaintance and friends. He passed at the Irwin Union Cemetery, and paid homage to the grave of his step-mother, being surprised beyond measure to find her grave in excellent condition, because it was the first time he visited the cemetery in twenty seven years, or since his step mother was buried. Afterwards on his way to Irwin he was greatly interested in the sights of Shefton and Welsh Hill that he saw during his boyhood days. He recognized some familiar old places that he visited. From the hillside I observed the stone arch above the Pennsylvania Railroad, where he, in common with a number of his boy friends, took a delightful swim in Brush Creek, a depth of about six feet. Well, it reminded him of the good old times that he spent in swimming in that creek. That's what made him sadly think of several of his good hearing friends that had passed away. He nearly forgot to mention that the parents of Mrs. F. S. Hogenmiller (deceased now) lived in that old residence in Welsh Hill, which he noticed. It's needless to state that the writer was warmly greeted by his many old friends during his visit in staid old Irwin.

It's the reporter's painful task to say that he has been apprised that his old friend, Robert Wood, of Buena Vista, has been in poor health for several years. He has been in the shoe business for about forty years. Notwithstanding his sufferings, it is a matter of pleasure that he has met with a high degree of success in his business.

"Rex" was agreeably surprised on receiving two fine photographs of his dear nephews (sons of his murdered brother), who live in Los Angeles, Cal. The boys were graduated from a military school in that city some two years back, although they are members of the high school there, to which institution they go this fall. Well, perhaps the readers of these columns will recall that the brother of your correspondent, an attorney, of Los Angeles, was murdered there by a dope fiend of the most pronounced type, about ten years ago. He now sleepeth in beautiful Rosedale Cemetery, not far from Los Angeles. Ye local sometimes thinks of making a trip to that far-away city.

Felix S. Hogenmiller and Harry Fox had a little jaunt to Derry some three weeks ago, and after arriving there they had to tramp out to the country, a distance of two miles, where they were entertained by Roy Nordstrom at his home.

In a recent issue of the JOURNAL your scribbler read with utmost interest a glowing account of General John Pershing's life, written by Samuel G. Ayers. He is a great admirer of General Pershing, and thinks lots of him. This famous General claims that he has several relatives in Latrobe, in Westmoreland County. It must not be forgotten that he has a cousin, by the name of Dr. Pershing, who is pastor-emeritus of the local United Bsethren Church, of which the correspondent is a member. It is reported that Gen. Pershing has signified his intention of stopping off in Latrobe to visit his relatives on his return home from "Overs-sea."

There lives a deaf dog in Haydenville below Philip Gitten's residence. This canine is the centre of merriment by his funny tricks. He is said to be fond of riding auto trips every day. He is a cute domestic dog.

We, as a class here, mourn the loss of our beloved friend, the Rev. Mr. B. R. Allabough, who suddenly expired from heart failure in Middletown, Ohio, last May. We can not help but think of the interesting and instructive services that this reverend gentleman often held for us silent people at Christ Episcopal Church in this city. It was ever a great delight to have him come up to preach to us. We remember that he said he was always glad to see his old friends in this community, because he thought they were a liberal set of deaf people. "Rex" is very proud to remark that Rev. Mr. Allabough was an old classmate of his own at old Broad and Pine Street School in Philadelphia, and that he was always diligent in his studies and industrious too. He had intimately known him ever since leaving school. The deceased was an enthusiastic worker in the Master's vineyard. The last reunion was held at the Edgewood School, when the writer met and shook hands with Mr. Allabough in a most delightful manner, for the latter said that he was ever glad to see him, as an old classmate of his own. He further said that he looked back with pleasant recollections to the school and college days they had spent. The writer still feels his departed friend's loss keenly.

REX.

SUNDRY NOTES.

One of the deaf men at the recent Elmira Convention was Fred J. Wood. Hidden under the lapel of his coat he wears a badge that entitles him to ride free during his lifetime on any of the several trolley lines in Elmira and as far as Corning on suburban lines. His immunity from paying for rides was secured by giving the trolley company a right-of-way through property owned by his mother.

Grover Abbey, of Springfield, Braddock County, N. Y., is in the sweetest business of any deaf-mute of this State. He has 125 hives of honey bees, and during last season sold $1,000 worth of honey. The season runs from June to September. He sells honey in the comb at 22 cents a pound, and extract honey for 20 cents. For the wax he gets 40 cents a pound.

Mr. E. Frisbee visited Nantucket in company with Rev. Mr. G. H. Hefflon, of Hartford, Ct., for a week. They had the pleasure of meeting Prof. E. A. Fay and Miss Montgomery, a former teacher of the Fanwood School, New York City, and also Mr. H. Moorehead and his estimable hearing wife, of Bronxville, N. Y. Mr. Frisbee has been at Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, since August 4th.

Pittsburgh Reformed Presbyterian Church.

Eighth St., between Penn Avenue and Duquesne Way.

REV. T. H. ACHESON, *Pastor*.
MRS. J. M. KEITH, *Mute Interpreter*.

Sabbath School—10 A.M.
Sermon—11 A.M.
Everybody Welcome.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

August 30, 1919.—Back home again after an absence since June 17th. Left Santa Barbara on the 22d inst., reaching San Francisco in the night. Saturday was spent in the city on business, making it impossible to do any visiting.

We were fortunate to get out of Santa Barbara before the Los Angeles strike of the Railroad employes affected other parts of the State. Tuesday we were whirling over the scenic route of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, reaching Denver early in the afternoon and leaving in the evening over the Burlington, *via* Kansas City and St. Louis. Wednesday was the most pleasant day for a railroad trip. The sun was hid all day by murky clouds, and the tempteraure of the kind that makes travel comfortable. As we entered St. Louis we had the first sight of a rain since leaving Columbus June 17th, and it kept pouring down until noon. We visited the scene of our home during the summer of 1860 for five months, the levee, and how changed it was! The grand old river was still flowing on, but the long line of steamers and freight upon freight piled up along the levee were missing, and the business stores gone. Instead the buildings along the street looked aged, and most of their storeroom turned into small places and presided over by colored people. The levee is now paved with cobblestone down to the river's edge.

Three or four wharf boats used as offices were there, with only two steamers lying idle at their side. In 1860 there was a continual line of steamers lying along the levee for half a mile or more, sacks of wheat, corn, oats, hogsheads of sugar and molasses, and bales of cotton, filled up the space from near the water edge up to the street. The railroads have taken most of the business from the river boats.

Left St. Louis in the evening and next morning was back in old Columbus town, and found it crowded with people, it being the last day of the fair. And a pleasant surprise to us was the meeting of our son and two grandsons when reaching the bridge over the tracks.

Mrs. Annie Callison has been appointed to the position of seam stress made vacant by the marriage of Miss Lucy E. Hall to Mr. R. H. Atwood last June.

The following item was clipped from the *Santa Barbara News* of the 19th inst. We made mention of the man Becker in our Santa Barbara letter:—

"Spectators who recovered from the first shock of fright when they say Marcus Beck, a deaf-mute, run over by an automobile driven by a Portuguese farmer in town last week, were somewhat amused. Beck was uninjured except for a slight bruise on his leg. Both men were very excited. The Portuguese rancher broke forth with a stream of loud talking. Just as excitedly Beck expressed himself. He took out his notebook, and wrote volumes. He handed it to the rancher. The Portguese could not read. Disgusted at the futile attempt to make each other understand, they parted.

The following appeared in a recent Toledo paper:—

Max Green, 17, of 622 Scott Street, although born with the handicap of being a deaf-mute, the lad is a veritable dynamo Through his untiring energy and initiative he is one of the best street salesmen on the *Blade's* selling staff, in spite of the fact that he is unable to cry his wares in regulation newsboys' fashion.

He sells an average of over 200 copies of each street edition of the *Blade*. It is a mighty dull day when Max does not return several times for more papers to sell.

Courteous, prompt, quick in making change, he has built up a business virtually his own. Men and women who know Max will go for blocks to where he may be found in order to patronize him.

Max is the embodiment of thrift, too. From his earning, he has educated himself in taking advantage of all the liberal provisions the State has made for education.

With all this, he has money in the bank, although he contributes his bit to support of others.

A. B. G.

Newspaper Man Heads Deaf Association

SPOKANE, WASH., Aug. 6.—James H. O'Leary, the new president of the Washington Association of the Deaf, is a well known Spokane newspaper man, going West in 1902 from Minnesota. He was born September 27, 1870, in Hennepin County, Minn., and owned and operated a number of small newspapers in the East before settling in Spokane. In 1901 he was elected delegate to the State Democratic Convention in Minnesota. He is at present employed in the printing department of the *Spokane Chronicle*.

PITTSBURGH.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard LeVier, of Swissvale, rejoice in the arrival of a son, born August 15th. Their real responsibilities now begin, but doubtless they realize that fact without warnings from outside parties.

Miss Susan Campbell had the rare pleasure of a week's visit with her friend, Miss Theresa Gibson, in Detroit, recently. She was charmed with the attractions of the city, and enjoyed every minute of her stay there. Miss Gibson is a sister of our Thomas, of Wilkinsburg, who is making a respectable living in the magazine and newspaper business.

Miss Myrtle Zelch, not having had enough in her recent auto trip to the shore, and various summer resorts, went with the First Baptist Church girls to Camp Myler near Huntingdon, where she is indulging in proclivities in the athletic line. She entered in the endurance swimming contest there, and hoped to make a new record. She broke the camp's record last year, swimming six and a half miles without a stop. She hoped to make it eight this time. We note in today's paper, however, that the Church's gold medal for the long distance swim had been awarded to a young lady from Beaver, who made the distance nine miles, so Miss Zelch will have to try again another time, and we hope she succeeds.

Anent the passage of the recent drastic law prohibiting deaf owners of motor vehicles running their cars and trucks, the Messrs. Blackhall and Forbes, who are in business requiring the use of trucks would be in a position to sue for damage should the law be enforced in their case. Recently Mr. Forbes took a friend with him in to the markets at the railroad yards, during the past two weeks of the local street-car strike, when the whole down town section of the city fairly swarmed with all sorts of motors, and the skill and success with which Mr. Forbes threaded his way in and out through the congested streets and market places was a revelation what a deaf man can accomplish in the way of running a motor vehicle, and proved conclusively that a deaf man can do it as well as any other, and that the law itself was most foolish and unjust.

August 24th, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bardes gave what they say was a "farewell dinner" for their son George, who since he returned from overseas has been making other conquests, and by the time this comes out he will have set up his own vine and fig tree. The events comes off September 3d. At the dinner were Mr. Archie Phelps, Mrs. Bardes' brother, a prominent attorney, of Warren, Ohio, and his wife, Miss Ella Phelps, Mr. and Mrs. Teegarden and Miss Alice, and last, but by no means least, Miss Olive O'Neil, the bride-to-be. It was truly a jolly crowd and some dinner, believe me.

Miss Mary Clark took her usual summer vacation with friends and relatives in Meadville, where she spent six delightful weeks. While there she ran up to Conneant Lake, hoping to have her usual dip in those cooling waters, but fate had it otherwise, as it was altogether too cool without the water. She had other entertainment, however.

Miss Alice Teegarden has realized that she has to return to New York, September 9th, to resume her duties at Fanwood. Time has gone so fast, it seems but a very short time ago that she returned home.

Miss Theresa Rolshouse, daughter of J. M. and Mrs. Rolshouse, also goes east shortly, to enter for a year's training at Northampton, beginning September 15th. We hope she meets with abundant success and be ready to teach before this time next year.

John C. Craig took in an excursion to Astubula Habor, Sunday, August 24th, and enjoyed a sight of an inland sea, the first in his experience.

G. M. T.

Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, *Pastor*, 949 W. Franklin Street.
Rev. J. A. Branflick, *Assistant*, 1002 W. Franklin Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

Diocese of Connecticut.

REV. G. H. HEFFLON, Minister.

SUMMER, 1919.

Hartford—Christ Church, first and third Sundays of the month, at 3 P.M.
Bridgeport—St. John's Church, Park Avenue, second Sundays, at 3 P.M.
New Haven—Trinity Parish House, Temple Street, second Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Waterbury—St. John's Church Parish House, third Sundays, at 7 P.M.
Services in Pittsfield and Springfield, Mass., by appointment.
Address: Y. M. C. A., Hartford, Ct.

Volta Bureau
1601—35th St

SERIOUS EXPLOSIONS ARE CAUSED BY DUST.

Almost every kind of dust which is composed of inflammable material will explode when touched by a flame.

Malt dust is exceedingly explosive. The housemaid who uses the contents of the sugar bowl to light the fire, knows that nothing burns more easily than powdered sugar. Proprietors of large sweetmeat factories have learned that there is danger from this source.

Some years ago one of the inspectors of mines conducted a number of experiments on the explosive power of coal dust. A disused shaft, one hundred and fifty feet deep, was chosen for the purpose. Samples of dust from different collieries were collected for the purpose. When two hundredweight of dust was emptied down a shaft and a charge of gunpowder fired, the result was startling.

Huge tongues of flame, sixty feet in height, shot up from the mouth of the shaft and enormous columns of smoke rose high in the air, forming a black pall over the scene of the explosion. On the other hand, when high explosives were used, no effect at all was produced on the dust.

Some of the best coal in the world is cut from what is known as the Methyr four-foot seam, and this seam is one of the dustiest in the world. It is a terrible fact that over 1,600 men have lost their lives on this seam in the last half-century.

Coal is the carbonized remains of tree mosses. Oddly enough, these mosses were the big forefathers of the moss we know as lycopodium, which in a powerful state is used to produce flash signals. This will help to give an idea of the immensely inflammable nature of coal dust.

In the manufacture of linoleum, no unprotected lights are allowed in the mixing department. This is on account of the great danger of exploding the cork dust floating in the air. An additional danger in linoleum-making is that the mixture of cement and cork dust has the unpleasant property of spontaneously igniting if left in a warm place. It is, therefore, customary to mix the material a sackful at a time, in order to reduce the risks of an explosion.

Power of Gentleness.

Men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land so that they look no more backward—and the hand may be a little child's.
—*George Eliot.*

Look! Look! Look!

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1919-1920

House Warming Party—Sept. 27.
Hallowe'en Party—October 25.
Thanksgiving Eve.—November 26.
Watch Night—December 31.
Fishing Pond—January 24
———February 14.
———March 22.
Country Store—April 24.
Strawberry Festival—May 24.
Picnic—June 26.

DIOCESE OF WASHINGTON AND THE VIRGINIAS.

REV. H. C. MERRILL, Missionary, 318 Sixth St., N. E., Washington, D. C.

Washington, D. C.—Services in the chapel of Trinity Church, 3d and C Sts., N. W., at 11 a.m. every Sunday, except only on first Sunday in July and August. Holy Communion on the first Sunday in the month.

Richmond, Va.—Services or Bible Class Meetings in St. Andrew's Church, S. Laurel and W. Beverly Sts., at 3 p.m. every Sunday. Social meetings every Friday evening at 8 o'clock. Mrs. F. D. Chiles, Visitor to the Deaf, 502 S. Harrison St., Richmond.

Wheeling, W. Va.—Services in St. Matthew's Church, Chapline and 15th Sts., at 2:30 p.m., every Sunday; other times by appointment. Guild meetings as announced.

Norfolk, Newport News, Lynchburg, Danville, Roanoke, Bristol, Virginia; Charleston, Huntington, Fairmont, Clarksburg, Grafton, Parkersburg, West Virginia, and other places: Services by appointment.

The Missionar invites correspondence with those needing his services.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

FOR

BASKET BALL

AND

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[ATHLETIC BRANCH]

February 21, 1920.

[Particulars Later]

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We aim, first of all, to please in the highest sense of the word.

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We now employ 450 mutes and maintain a clubhouse and encourage athletics and offer educational advantages free of charge

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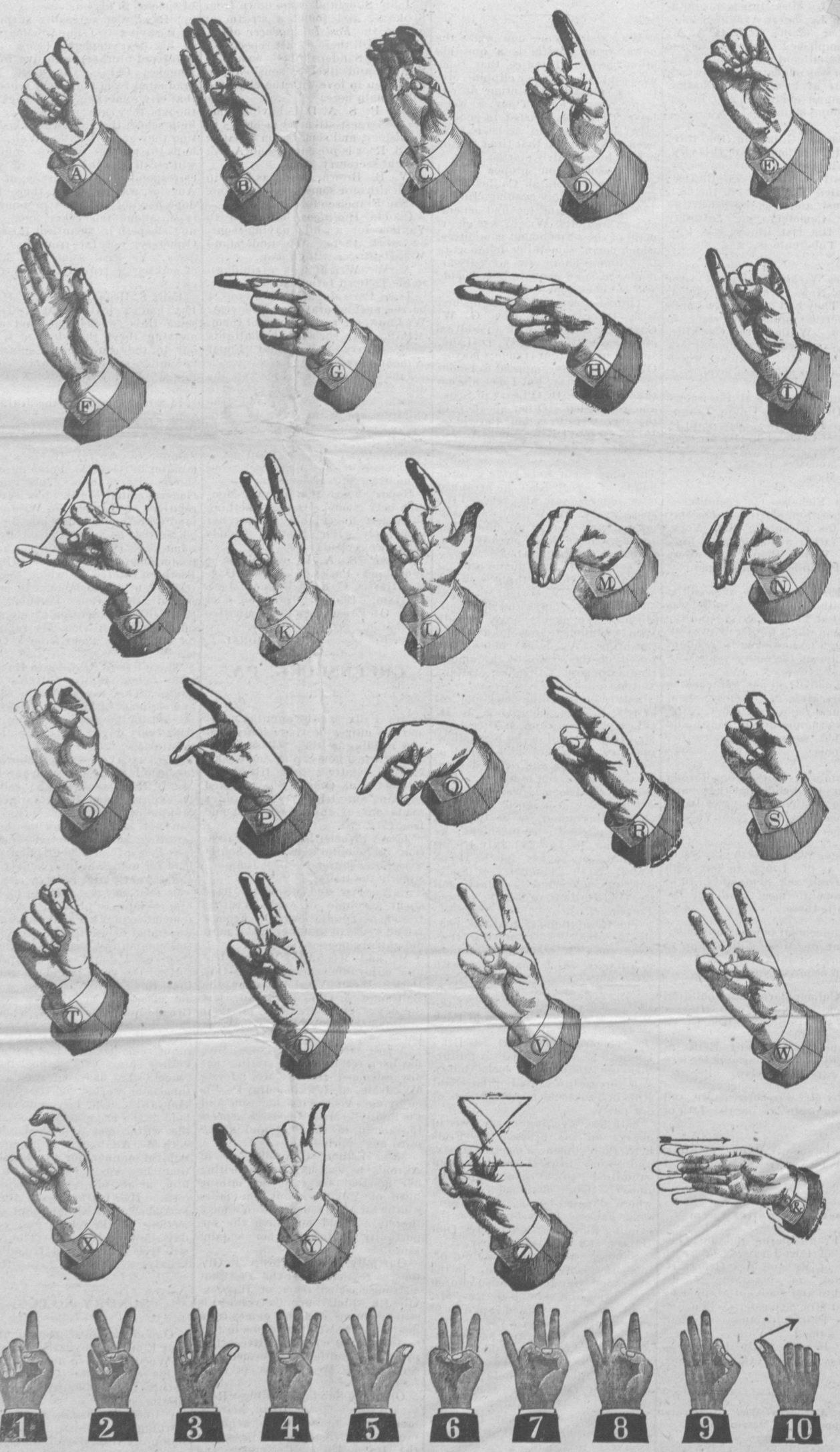
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Japanese Fete, - - - - - - - Oct. 18
Thanksgiving, - - - - - - - Nov. 22
Watch Night and Whist, - - - Dec. 31

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE:

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W. F. Durian, Licensed Lay Reader, 356 Carroll St., Akron, O.

Services at Canton, O., St. Paul's Church. Every third Sunday of the month, at 2 P.M.
At Akron, O., St. Paul's Church. Every third and fourth Sunday of the month at 7:30 P.M.

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The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D. Priest-in-Charge.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Lectures, socials and other events according to local annual program and special announcements at services.
The deaf cordially invited.

DEAR ELLA:—

Sure we are going to New York again next winter, and of course it will be at the time of the "FRAT'S BALL."

Lovingly,
JESSIE.

Diocese of Maryland.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, *General Missionary.*
2100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 3:15 P.M.
Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Ante-Communion and Sermon, 3:15 P.M.
Fifth Sunday, Ante-Communion and Catechism, 3:15 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.
Guild and other Meetings, every Friday, except during July and August, 8 P.M.
Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.
Hagerstown—St. Thomas' Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.
Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.
Other Places by Appointment.

National Association for the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

An Organization for the Welfare of all the Deaf.

OBJECTS

To educate the public as to the Deaf;
To advance the intellectual, profession and industrial status of the Deaf;
To aid in the establishment of Employment Bureaus for the Deaf in the State and National Departments of Labor;
To oppose the unjust application of liability laws in the case of Deaf workers;
To combat unjust discrimination against the Deaf in the Civil Service or other lines of employment;
To co-operate in the improvement, development and extension of educational facilities for deaf children;
To encourage the use of the most approved and successful methods of instruction in schools for the Deaf, the adaptation of such methods to the need of individual pupils, and to oppose the indiscriminate application of any single method to all;
To seek the enactment of stringent laws for the suppression of the impostor evil—hearing persons posing as Deaf-Mutes;
To raise an endowment fund—the income of which is to be devoted to furthering the objects of the Association;
To erect a national memorial to Charles Michael De l'Epee—the universal benefactor of the Deaf.

MEMBERSHIP

Regular Members: Deaf Citizens of the United States;
Associate Members: Deaf persons not citizens of the United States and Hearing Persons interested in the welfare of the Deaf.

FEES AND DUES

Initiation Fee, $1.00; Annual dues, 50 Cents. Life membership, $25 paid into the Endowment Fund at one time. All Official Publications free to members.
Official Organ: THE NAD
Every deaf citizen and all others interested in the advancement of the Deaf along educational and industrial lines are urged to join the Association and co-operate financially and otherwise in promoting its objects.
Life memberships, donations and bequests towards the increase of the Endowment fund are especially needed and earnestly solicited to the end that permanent headquarters, in charge of salaried experts, may be maintained for the more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the work of the Association.

OFFICERS

James H. Cloud, *President.*
Principal Gallaudet School, St. Louis, Mo.
James W. Howson, *First Vice-President.*
Instructor School for the Deaf, Berkeley, California.
Cloa G. Lamson, *Second Vice-President.*
Teacher School for the Deaf, Columbus, Ohio.
Arthur L. Roberts, *Secretary.*
Principal Kendall School for Deaf, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.
John H. McFarlane, *Treasurer.*
Instructor School for the Deaf, Talladega, Alabama.
Jay C. Howard, *Board Member.*
Investment and Real Estate, Duluth, Minnesota.
Olof Hanson, *Board Member.*
Architect, Omaha, Nebraska.

TRUSTEES ENDOWMENT FUND.

Willis Hubbard, *Treasurer*, Flint, Michigan.
Olof Hanson, Omaha, Nebraska.
Edwin W. Frisbee, West Medford, Mass.

STATE ORGANIZERS.

Through whom remittances for dues, fees, donations and life membership may be made.

Alabama: J. M. Robertson, School for the Deaf, Talladega.
Arkansas and Texas: Rev. J. W. Michaels, Box 96, Fort Smith, Ark.
Arizona, Nevada and Utah: H. A. McNeilly, Box 707, Reno, Nev.
California: J. W. Howson, 2915 Regent Street, Berkeley.
Colorado and Kansas: A. L. Roberts, 547 E. Loula Street, Olathe, Kan.
New England States: W. C. Rockwell, 30 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, Ct.
Delaware and New Jersey: G. S. Porter, 405 Ardmore Avenue, Trenton, N. J
District of Columbia: Rev. H. C. Merrill, 318 East 6th Street, Washington.
Florida: O. W. Underhill, School for the Deaf, St. Augustine.
Idaho and Wyoming: M. G. Griffin, Wheatland, Wyoming.
Illinois: Rev P. J. Hasenstab, 4426 Calument Avenue, Chicago.
Indiana: A. H. Norris, School for the Deaf, Indianapolis.
Iowa: Matthew McCook, Riceville.
Kentucky: E. McV. Hay, 1404 Covington.
Louisiana: Rev. H. L. Tracy, 917 Asia Street, Baton Rouge.
Maryland: Rev. D. E. Moylan, 1002 W. Franklin Street, Baltimore.
Michigan: J. M. Stewart, 408 West Court Street, Flint.
Minnesota: V. R. Spence, Box 73, Faribault.
Mississippi: Miss Lily A. Gwyn, Eupora.
Missouri: Henry Gross, School for the Deaf, Fulton.
Montana: Mrs. P. H. Brown, Boulder.
Nebraska: Mrs. Ota C. Blankenship, School for the Deaf, Omaha.
New Mexico: J. B. Bumgardner, Box 41, Santa Fe.
New York: M. L. Kenner, 200 West 111 Street, New York City.
North Carolina: W. R. Hackney, 1508 East 7th Street, Charlotte.
North Dakota: T. L. Sheridan, 1301 Kittson Avenue, Devils Lake.
Ohio: Miss Cloa G. Lamson, School for the Deaf, Columbus.
Oklahoma: O. G. Carrell, School for the Deaf, Sulphur.
Oregon: Miss Marion E. Finch, School for the Deaf, Salem.
Pennsylvania: H. E. Stevens, Box 81, Merchantsville, New Jersey.
South Dakota: I. M. Robinson, School for Deaf, Sioux Falls.
Tennessee: T. S. Marr, 701 Stahlam Building, Nashville.
Virginia: W. C. Ritter, School for the Deaf, Newport News.
Washington: N. Carl Garrison, Box 23, Camano.
West Virginia: C. D. Seaton, School for the Deaf, Romney.
Wisconsin: Thomas Hagerty, School for the Deaf, Delavan.
Georgia and South Carolina:

JOIN THE N. A. D. DO IT NOW.

St. Andrew's Silent Mission.

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston.

Rev. G. H. Heffron, Priest-in-Charge.
Edwin W. Frisbee and Albert S. Tufts, Lay-Readers.
Boston—St. Andrew's Silent Mission, Trinity Parish House, Copley Square. Every Sunday of the month, at 11:00 A.M.
Haverhill—Trinity Church, First Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Salem—Federal Street Church, Second Sunday, at 3:15 P.M.
Lynn—St. Stephen's, Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Everett—N. E. Home for Deaf-Mutes. Third Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Worcester—All Saint's, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.
Providence, R. I.,—Grace Church, Fourth Sunday, at 3 P.M.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, *Lay-Missionary*,
89 Playstead Road, West Medford, Mass.